

VOICE OF THE RESIDENTS

VOL. XXVI, No. 10

BROADMEAD, COCKEYSVILLE, MD.

June 2005

BROADMEAD'S DISTAFF AIR ARM

by Dick Hutzler

"For all the wrong reasons!" was the response I got when I first approached Louise Hager to confirm that indeed she had been an airplane pilot. Happily I have her permission to say that, indeed, she got into aviation... to find a man! (One might ask, what's "wrong" with that??) She had been widowed rather young and didn't choose to live alone, and someone pointed out that there were lots of men around aviation establishments. So she took lessons - and it worked! Early on she met a man who invited her on a flying dinner date; they saw a bit of each other, and when she got her license, *she* invited *him* on a flying dinner date. Ultimately, of course, they flew off on their honeymoon, and in their years together they spent many happy hours in the air, including three coast-to-coast trips - involving crossing the Grand Tetons at 11,000 feet - and one exciting flight directly over New York City.

But Louise Hager is by no means alone among the woman-pilots of Broadmead; she just gave me a good line with which to "grab 'em up front" as they say. We also have Nancy Rowe (who also flew out on *her* honeymoon), Beth Murdock, Polly Roosevelt and Anne Jensen. Additionally we've had in the past - and sadly lost - Mary Craig and "Bobbie" (Emma) Richardson. So Broadmead is a veritable nest of aviatrixes!

Nancy Rowe is notable for, well, many things, but for the purpose of this article she's notable for the fact that she first learned flying in a plane called an "Ercoupe" back in 1940. Ercoupes were small planes of unusual design in that they, among other things, were essentially spin- and stall-proof. Also, they had tri-cycle landing gear - unusual for a small plane in those days. Nancy likes to tell of one that simply took off one day without a pilot (he had gotten out do a little something and the throttle somehow opened itself up). It took off easily, flew out over the bay until it ran out of fuel, and then smoothly settled down into the water. She learned to fly the Ercoupe in just a few hours, but then she had to take additional training before flying solo in a more conventional Taylorcraft. She celebrated her 80th birth-

day by taking the controls of a glider, and is now hoping to do a balloon ascension sometime ("maybe").

Polly Roosevelt's experience in flying came about as a time-filler while she and her family were in Florida for a period of recovery needed by her husband. They decided that it would be fun to learn to fly - so they did, and it was. One of her favorite stories about that is their decision one day to fly over their house and do a few maneuvers to impress their sons. The kids were in the yard but they hardly looked up; the older son had said to the younger, "Don't pay them any attention; they're just trying to show off."

Beth Murdock got into flying in the '60s just for the fun of it. For a while there she'd get the kids off to school in the morning and head for Baltimore

Air Park - five days a week! Her most memorable incident was flying home from Ocean City through thunder storms, stage by stage; when she finally got to her home field there was a 90° cross-wind, so she had to go to an alternate airport where she knew the runway was in the right direction. More pleasantly, one day

she treated her kid's class to a bit of wing-wagging overhead at recess time. Later, when she got bored with flying (!) she switched to dirt bikes.

Mary Craig still lives with us, despite her tragic end (as a passenger) in a fiery crash some years ago, because she took the neat aerial view of our campus that is on those wonderful postcards that we can buy in the Country Store. Paul Moore's history of Broadmead treats of her under "Profiles" and describes not only her flying but also her many accomplishments beyond the field of aviation.

And, finally, "Bobbie" (Emma) Richardson (*nee* Robertson) is remembered in an obituary from the *Sun* of January 24, 1994 as a trail-blazing woman-attorney as well as an airplane pilot. She had tried for admission to the WAAFs to become a ferry pilot during WWII but failed that because of eyesight problems. However, she did become a captain in the Civil Air Patrol and she also flew in the Coast Guard Auxiliary.

In a word or two, the lady-pilots of Broadmead provide us with one more element of the inter-



Beth in 1968



Louise in 1971

VOICE of the RESIDENTS

Volume XXVI, No. 10

June 2005

* * *

Published September through June by
The Broadmead Residents Association
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MOVING AROUND BROADMEAD

	<u>From</u>	<u>To</u>
Dick Doss	Q-12	TH-312
George & Georgia Erlbeck	K-11	R-16
Louise Odell	TH-373	HH-201
Bosley & Nellie Royston	K-12	SR-310
Bob Sparks	B-2	A-11
Catherine Voith	A-13	SR-210

IN MEMORIAM

Jane H. Doss

August 22, 1923

April 23, 2005

BARN SALE*By Jeanette Royston*

It was another successful Barn Sale! Marjorie Scott and Vivian Cord were sorely missed. Marjorie's family worked hard to make everything go as smoothly as Marjorie would have wanted it to.

The results for the year show that the sale was a success.

<u>DEPARTMENTS</u>	<u>FALL '04</u>	<u>SPRING '05</u>
APPLIANCES	2265.00	1156.00
BAKED GOODS	272.00	339.00
BOOKS	300.00	217.00
BASKETS		11.00
CHINA/GLASSWARE	1150.00	736.00
CLOTHING	7200.00	4511.00
FLOWERS & PLANTS		119.00
FURNITURE	4458.00	5332.00
GIFTS	680.00	120.00
HOUSEWARES	1052.00	850.00
JEWELRY	1583.00	627.00
LINENS	1210.00	435.00
SEW AND SO	107.00	60.00
SHOES/HANDBAGS	500.00	672.00
THIS 'N THAT	1050.00	1030.00
TOOLS	138.00	—
	21,965.00	16,215.00
(the above column was done by Vivian Cord)		
<u>YEAR'S TOTAL</u>		<u>\$ 38,180.00</u>

BIBLE STUDY

Tuesday, June 14th at 10:30 am
Fireplace Room

Led by

The Reverend Beverly Braine
Rector, Immanuel Episcopal Church

ALL WELCOME

NEWLY ARRIVED RESIDENTS

Lee & Janet Greenwald Q-2 410-771-3828

MODEL T MAN

By Colin MacLachlan

Phil Schnering is a cool man and he drives a cool car at least part of the time and with his wife Ruth right beside him. With gas at \$2.15 a gallon he may be driving it a lot more in the future. The "it" referred to here is a 1914 Model T Ford, a classic of sorts, in the same way that a Duesenberg is a classic. You might say this was the classic car for the modern man of modest means, going down the street honking horn and flapping side curtains, making such a fuss that many a mother took occasion to tell her daughter that she could never marry "that man".

Phil first drove a Model T in college, drove it for several days and thought it fun. That experience piqued his interest so that he eventually decided to restore one from the ground up.

(There are men who can do that - women, too.) So Phil the artist - he sculpts really well - became Phil the mechanic. He quickly learned that with the

earlier Fords you couldn't get parts and so you had to make them yourself. Some parts were made in a special way and the technology for that part had been lost and Phil had to experiment. "You learn to be ingenious," he explained. Phil has never owned a lot of cars. At the moment he owns two: a 1905 Ford and the 1914 Ford. He doesn't limit himself to restoring Model T's. He recently shipped a 1923 Packard to New Zealand. "Some people like to have a lot of them," he explained. "Some

like to drive and tour them and that's what we do. We've put 18,000 miles on the 1914 Ford over the years. Some people like to show them. That gets boring after awhile. Some like to dress up as they did in those days. Some people like working on the engines and get thrills when they've got them humming like a sewing machine. So far as I am concerned it's fine if they just run nice. The ones we have are not big money items. They are little slow cars with no lights and not much brake. With the 1905 you're talking about 25 miles per hour. There is little that you can do with them. Those with Model A Fords from the 20's and 30's can go 65 all day. We're happy to drive our little old cars at 20 and 25 up the back roads, go through the little villages

and such and let somebody else get out on the express-ways."

Phil restored his first car in 1970 at the end of a vacation in Ocean City. He and Ruth learned



from their daughter of some antique cars for sale in Easton. Phil saw a 1926 Model T in the lot of a farming equipment dealer, paid \$50 for it, trailered it home. The pistons were frozen and had to be driven out of the block with a sledge. It took two to three years to put it back in running shape. He gave it to his youngest daughter and her husband, "to play with".

Phil's 1905 Ford restoration won a national first prize in its class at the National Auto Show in Hershey, Pennsylvania.

CURRENT ISSUES IN U.S. IMMIGRATION

Reported by Sonia Blumenthal

Dr. Charles B. Keely, Donald Herzberg Professor of International Migration at Georgetown University, addressed the Open Forum on April 21, 2005. He highlighted four issues, per summary below: I - the temporary admission of highly skilled workers; II - refugee policy; III - relations with Mexico concerning migration; IV - undocumented migration.

I

In keeping with the globalization of the economy, U.S. policy must allow for the movement of workers to the U.S. and for the transfer of U.S. citizens abroad. Such movements should be balanced with measures to protect the American work force.

II

Factors that have caused today's limitations of refugee admissions to the U.S.: demise of communism in the Soviet orbit; calls for keeping refugees in so-called "safe areas" in their countries of origin; the fall-out from 9/11. A political consensus on refugee policies to uphold human rights has yet to be achieved.

III-IV

Efforts to regulate migration from Mexico to the U.S. have recently been renewed by President Bush and by Mexican President Vicente Fox. A major focus is on a temporary worker program.

Dr. Keely pointed out that one half of the estimated 8-10 million undocumented workers in the U.S. come from countries other than Mexico. He continued: "Most studies of illegal workers indicated that their major impact in terms of displacement is not on native minorities but on other recent immigrants. Impacts on wages have been found to be negligible. ... Getting rid of illegal workers, if possible, would not open jobs to disadvantaged American workers that had real possibilities of good salaries, with career prospects and safe conditions. ... No enforcement strategy will eliminate undocumented workers as long as there is a demand for them due to labor shortage or because of conditions of employment that make jobs unattractive to natives. Policy needs to address the dangers of vigilantism and enforcement in the work place with the focus on the behavior of employers who create the conditions leading to illegal employment rather than on the employees."

A LOOK BACK IN TIME

From the Voice of June 1980

"Without fanfare," the Voice reported on page one, microfilmed copies of documents and mementos dealing with the planning, construction and opening of Broadmead were sealed in a metal container and placed in the cornerstone just outside the entrance to the center building

"Because a considerable number of residents may be away over the Memorial - Day weekend," the BRA board voted in April to hold the annual residents meeting on the second Monday in June rather than the first.

On page three, Mary Stuart reported on the successful exhibition of artworks by Broadmead residents, hung in the lower lobby during April and May. Among the exhibitors she cited were William Russell, Louel Ford, Lorena Coates, Louise Braff, Larry Wilder, Bob Bouchelle, Remsen and Rosalie Wood, Richard and Katharine Dow, and Keith Martin.

Peg Stevenson reminded residents that notices to be placed on the bulletin board will be left up for two weeks.

In the "Letters to the Editor Column," Nancy and Josh Rowe described the dinner party they had in Holly House for eleven people. It was a delight, they wrote, to find that guests could be entertained in such a pleasant and homelike setting.

"Do you have too many clothes?" residents were asked by Kit Taylor and Esther Mallonee in a notice on page six. "Are they too large, too tight, or are you tired of them?" If so, they advised, the American Friends Service Committee "will take them off your hands and they will be sent to people who are in desperate need."

"What is Behind the Decline of American Education," was the title of an address on May 7 by Dr. Otto Kraushaar, president-emeritus of Goucher College. Kenneth Walker reviewed Dr. Kraushaar's address on page 7, noting that the speaker made the point that the decline "is the reflection of a malaise in our society as a whole."

"New residents have recently joined the Broadmead community," a story on page 8 announced. The newcomers were identified as Harry and Doris Bisonet, Emil Brandon, Eleanor Comer, Fritz and Frances Dunning, Dr. Bela and Priscilla Halpert, Seth and Pauline Heartfield, Frances Hepner, Blanche Hewitt, Winifred Kinn, Fred Klaunberg, Katheleen McAllister, Mary Morrill, Dorothy Payne, Charles Rau, Gordon and Lucille Steuart, Lucia Weiss and Caleb Winslow.

A YOUNG DOG CAN TEACH AN OLD WOMAN NEW TRICKS

By Sibylle Ehrlich

I never thought it could happen: that a young dark, handsome male would walk into my life. The saint of lonely dogs and lonely women did his or her thing. Ernie's family in Raleigh, NC could no longer give him the love and attention he needed, and I had been longing for a big poodle for a long time. Susie, my daughter in Raleigh, was the matchmaker; Corinne, the only family member who has a dog, gave me lots of good advice and drove me to Raleigh, and Marion became coordinator, guardian and dog photographer.

Would Ernie miss his former family? Would Ernie like me? Would Ernie behave at Broadmead? Would Ernie like me? Would Ernie adjust to a small apartment? Would Ernie like me? Ernie adjusted, but oh, so did I. No more leisurely cup of tea while reading the morning paper. Rain or shine, we walk at 7:30. Plastic bags stick out of every pocket of every jacket and coat. I have learned to pick up and throw slimy, dirty tennis balls without wincing and praise Ernie lavishly when he deposits one at my feet. Bits of cheese treats, which tend to turn rancid in warm weather, have to be readily available in home, car and pockets.

Oh, but that is nothing compared to what Ernie is teaching me. When my stiff fingers fumble to fasten the prongs of his "torture collar" which is somewhat reminiscent of a medieval chastity belt, Ernie sits patiently and seems to say, "It's all right, Sibylle. I don't like that thing either. But take your time, we are in no hurry." Ernie lives in the moment. Running to retrieve his ball, downing his chow, being brushed are all equally joyful for him. He luxuriates when I rub his stomach. He does not worry about the morrow. He sleeps with a clear conscience, having long forgotten that he was scolded for having chased the squirrel. Wouldn't it be wonderful, if we could rest as easily? Ernie does not carry a grudge; he is forgiving, grateful for just about everything he is given: food, water, love and affection, walks, and balls, balls, balls.

I listen to the morning news - depressing, violent, filled with news of greed. Ernie wants to

play ball. "Not now, Ernie." Ernie does not accept "NO!" for an answer. He deposits the ball at my toes; I just need to give it the slightest kick, so that Ernie can happily chase it. "No, Ernie, I don't want to play. This news is important, serious." Ernie carefully places the ball on my lap, so that it will roll down by itself. Ernie is delighted to retrieve the ball, and I am amazed that at this time in my life, I can become playful. Not just that: I sleep better, my walks have a purpose and are fun, I look forward to returning home, because Ernie always gives me a warm, heartfelt welcome.

Not all is fun and games with Ernie. He definitely lacks social skills. Were he to bring home a report card from Kindergarten, the teacher would surely note that "Ernie does not play well with others." Ernie trusts neither other dogs nor squirrels. I can live with his suspicion of squirrels, but I do want him to like other dogs as I do. We'll work on it. I hope that the saint who brought Ernie into my life will help us with that. If he can't, maybe the trainer will.

Editor's note:

Very sadly, Ernie, after a sudden illness, died on May 11th as his owner was driving him to the vet.

Our sympathy goes out to Sibylle.

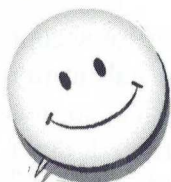
RESIDENTS HONORED

Paula Balser

The Conference Center of the recently renovated Hudson Guild's Elliott Center in New York City's Chelsea District has reopened with the Center's Counseling Services named for Paula Balser, a resident of Broadmead, in honor of her work for the Guild since 1959. The Guild was founded in 1895 by Dr. John Lovejoy Elliott, an early leader in the settlement house movement. Each year the Guild helps more people who live, work or go to school in Chelsea than any other nonprofit organization.

Sally-lyn Duff

The Graduate Division of Education of Johns Hopkins University has notified Sally-lyn Duff that she has been selected to receive the Excellence in Teaching Award for 2005. She will be honored on the Homewood campus on May 16.



BROADMEAD WELCOMES

By Betsy Griffin

Elizabeth (Ferris) Schrauder, (Mrs. George)

R-17

410-785-1617

April 2005

Elizabeth was born and raised in New York City and earned a Bachelor's degree in philosophy at Carleton College in Minnesota. Following her graduation she joined a group of students sailing to Europe to attend an International Work Camp as the group traveled through 7 countries. She and a friend continued their European travels for the rest of that year visiting with several newly-made friends from the work camp. She returned to New York and Columbia University to earn a Master's Degree in Occupational Therapy. She then served a 4 year internship with the Army Medical Corps starting with basic training in Texas and then moving about the country. She spent 6 years in occupational therapy before returning to Wayne State University in Detroit to earn a Master's in Rehabilitation Counseling; she then spent a career there, providing services for those with physical disabilities. She and her late husband, a social worker, lived in the Detroit area. She expects to participate in many activities here.

Harry & Betsy (Hardy) Butcher

N-12

410-771-6887

April 2005

Harry is a native of Massachusetts who earned a Bachelor's degree at Tufts University and a Masters and PhD in Plant Physiology at Ohio State University. Betsy was born in Rochester N. Y. and came to Hood College in Frederick, Md where she met her husband who was stationed at Fort Dietrich in that city. They married at the end of her sophomore year and moved to Ohio State University where Betsy earned her Bachelor's and Harry his advanced degrees. They then came to Baltimore when Harry was awarded a fellowship at the Research Institute for Advanced Studies, a division of the Martin Marietta Company. Betsy also returned to College at Loyola and earned a Master's in Remedial Reading. She subsequently tutored and taught reading at the Jemicy School, Calvert Hall and other local institutions. They have 3 daughters and 8 grandchildren all living in the Baltimore area. Harry became a professor at Loyola University and spent a 32 year career teaching biology and bio-chemistry there. They come to Broadmead from York Pa. where they settled after retirement. They have many varied interests including gardening, wood working, photography, birds, bridge, reading and our Country Store.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL TRAIL DAY

By Bill Eddison

Trail Day, April 19th, has come and gone. We would not want it to be the same every year, and it wasn't. We were told that the weather would be warm, and it turned out clear and hot, with temperatures in the middle 80's in this peculiar year for weather. Some years the Redbud trees are already past their peak, but in this predominantly chilly spring they were not yet in bloom. However many of the wild flowers at the Focal Point were up and in full bloom, particularly the Trillium and the Dutchmen's Breeches, and the pale blue-gray Confederate Violets; also Jack-in-the-Pulpit, and many Mertensia (Virginia Bluebells). I am told that a larger number of persons than usual climbed up and walked the Ridge Trail, which closely parallels the north-boundary of our property.

The Redbud trees, including two newly planted saplings, bloomed effusively a week after Trail Day, and the Dogwood, also late, was glorious this year, and remained at its peak much longer than usual due to the continuing cold weather. One hundred twenty persons signed the register, a good showing but not a record. As usual the Trail Committee is grateful to its members and to others who manned the tables and the coffee and ice-water thermoses. We also owe a debt of gratitude to Bernard Queen and Food Service for hot coffee, and especially to Harriet Ambrose without whose careful scheduling and coordination of the many details the Trail Day would not have been the success it was.

Below is a picture by Bob Davies of a deer skeleton discovered by Lois Sexton - who apparently was the only walker who saw it. When she reported it to others, no one believed her, so she took Beverly Becker back up to see it. Thereafter, Bob went for his camera.



Mackenzie

By Bob Herrmann

My name is "Chuck" and I'm a dog lover. My last dog was a Doberman who followed me everywhere, including the office. We were inseparable and enjoyed many happy hours together wandering around Roland Park, chatting with the neighbors, and receiving tidbits from the local grocer. But then my life changed - suddenly- my dog was run over! I was devastated- and couldn't get over it. I mourned his loss and became very depressed. My wife, Betsy, understood my grief, and, to avoid possible suffering and anguish in the future, made me promise that I would not get another dog. I promised.

Some months later, when taking my daily walk, a little eleven year old girl by the name of Mackenzie came up to me holding a little black dog. She said, "I found this doggie in the woods and I want to keep him. May I?" I said "yes, if your father lets you have another dog. We better talk to him, but first let's see if we can find the owner." We spent the next few hours walking around the neighborhood searching for a possible owner, but to no avail. We checked with the local SPCA, but they had received no reports of a lost dog. We were now convinced that this was truly a lost dog and decided to ask the girl's father if she could keep it. We showed the dog to the father, but he said, "no", since they already had two dogs.

The little girl was now very upset, so I said, "Why don't we both keep the dog and share him fifty- fifty. I'll take care of him in my house, and you can feed him and play with him whenever you wish." She liked that idea so we agreed on it and shook hands. She was now a happy little girl!

But I had a problem! I had promised Betsy that I would not get another dog. What to do?

Well, this is what I decided to do- but I knew I was taking a chance: I walked the dog to my house, went in the back door and up the rear steps to the third floor where I unleashed him. Then, I went out the back door, leaving him inside the house, and then walked around the block three times, wishfully thinking and hoping that things would work out. When I finally got up the courage to go home I walked through the front door and into the living room. Guess what? There I

found Betsy sitting on a chair with a little black dog in her arms, which she was hugging and petting. "Isn't he adorable", she said, "Can we keep him?" "Yes", I said, overcome with joy! "What shall we call him?" "Mackenzie" I said, thinking of the little girl.

Now we have three happy people- a little eleven year old girl, my wife Betsy, and myself, plus a little black dog with three owners.



PLAY BALL

By Jeanette Royston

Kudos to Jody Tromble and Julie Sega, our exercise gals!!

Frank Hijikata and Leland Sanborn, both of the Wellness Committee, told Jody and Julie about Senior's Day at Camden yards. They then chartered a bus and advertised for takers. On Wednesday, May 11th twenty Broadmeaders were taken to the game. We went by bus, had great seats, saw a winning game, had a hot dog, soda, and ice cream all for \$15.00. What a deal!

The bus driver, a comedian, boarded the bus and announced that we were headed for Minnesota. He kidded us all the way to the park. He deposited us by the gate. We had a short distance to walk, a few steps to climb and were seated in the second level.

It was a great game to see. The score was even for seven innings but the Orioles came through to win 7 to 4.

Jody and Julie and Dick Eckels ran their legs off getting our food. All we had to do was to sit and cheer and gobble our food.

I hope there will be another opportunity to have such a fun day.

Only in America...

Do we buy hot dogs in packages of ten and buns in packages of eight.

SATURDAY PROGRAMS

In the Auditorium at 7:00 pm

By Margaret Proctor

June 4th

"100 YEARS AND STILL RUNNING"

As told by Phil Schnering

This is not about Phil,
it's about antique automobiles

June 18th

"EXPLORING IRELAND AND IRISH HISTORY"

Denny Lynch

Photographer and history teacher

June 25th

"MY LIFE IN FORENSIC PSYCHIATRY"

Jonas Rappeport, M. D.

Founder of the American Academy
of Psychiatry and Law.

July 9th

TRIBES AND TIGERS OF INDIA

Kathryn Coke Rienhoff

This girl really gets around,
and she takes her camera with her

July 23rd

ATLANTIC JOURNAL, CROSSING THE OCEAN IN A 41 FOOT SAILBOAT

John Hilgenberg

Will show you how its done

July 30th

H. L. MENCKEN, SAGE OF BALTIMORE

As personified by

Harry C. Powell Jr

BROADWAY, THE AMERICAN MUSICAL (A Series)

August 6th

Episode 1-Give my regards to
Broadway (1893-1927)

Episode 2-Syncopated City (1919-1933)

August 13th

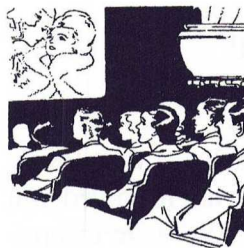
Episode 3-I got plenty o' nuttin'
(1930- 1942)

Episode 4-Oh what a
beautiful mornin' (1943-1960)

August 20th

Episode 5-Tradition (1957-1979)

Episode 6-Putting it together
(1980- 2004)



BROADMEAD MOVIES

Tuesday Movies by
Jean & Dwight Hastings

June 7

FINDING NEVERLAND

2004

4 ½ Stars

106 minutes

PG

Johnny Dep portrays Playwright J. M. Barrie, who finds inspiration for his greatest creation (Peter Pan) from four boys, sons of Widow Sylvia L. Davies – Kate Winslet.

June 14

HOTEL RWANDA

2005

4 ½ Stars

110 minutes

PG 13

A Hotel manager (Don Cheadle) houses Tutsis refugees during their conflict with the Hutu militia. An overall message of bravery and courage. It's a testament to the human spirit.

June 21

THE INCREDIBLES

2003

*

115 minutes

*

Action packed animated adventure about the mundane and incredible lives of a house-full of super heroes. From the creator of Finding Nemo

June 28

ADAM'S RIB

1949

*

101 minutes

*

The most popular of the Tracy - Hepburn films. They play married attorneys on opposing sides of a case.

OPEN FORUM

By Sonia Blumenthal

Thursday, June 9th at 10:30 AM

"SHARING CONTROL: THE BUSINESS/GOVERNMENT RELATIONSHIP"

Dr. Robert M. Sparks
Economist; Broadmead Resident

MUSIC EVENTS

By Phil Schnering

Thursday, June 9th at 7:00 pm

LET'S SING

With Herb Merrick at the piano

*

Our last SING until Fall

All Welcome,

In the Auditorium

OPERA VIDEO

In the auditorium, 7pm

By Harry Blumenthal

Friday June 24th

"Magic Flute"

By Mozart

Opera in Two Acts

Metropolitan Opera

*

Friday July 22nd

"Macbeth"

By Verdi

Zurich Opera

*

Friday August 19th

"A Night at the Opera"

1935 Movie Starring

The Marx Brothers

(black and white)

LET'S DANCE

By Walter Lane

With the

George Hipp Trio

Everyone welcome to dance
or just to enjoy the music

Monday

June 13th at 7:00 pm



WEDNESDAY WORSHIP AT BROADMEAD

By Pat Underwood

1st Wednesday Every Month at 10:30 am

EPISCOPAL COMMUNION

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd floor

Sponsored by Sherwood Episcopal
Church - York Road, Cockeysville

*

2nd Wednesday Every Month at 10:00 am

CATHOLIC MASS

Taylor East Lounge – 3rd Floor

Sponsored by the Catholic Community of
St. Francis Xavier, Cuba Road, Hunt Valley

*

3rd Wednesday Every Month at 10:30 am

PRESBYTERIAN COMMUNION

Stony Run Activities Room – 3rd Floor

Sponsored by Ashland Presbyterian Church,
Ashland Avenue, Cockeysville

*

(Same schedule for June, July, and August)

VESPERS

By Pat Underwood

Sundays, in the Lounge

4:30 – 5:00 pm

*

The Reverend Pat Underwood

Episcopal Church of the Redeemer

June 19th

*

The Reverend Gregory Fetzer

Faith Lutheran Church

July 17th

*

The Reverend Carl H. Beasley III

West Nottingham School

August 21st

All are Welcome

THE SCOURGE OF MY SCOOTER

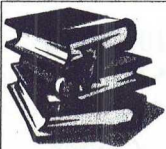
By Nancy Rowe

Forge forward, gear back
Bump hard the wall
Reverse my momentum
Frighten them all.

They widen their berth
More so their eyes
Their postures stiffen
Portraying surprise.

That guarantees me
The right of way
But doesn't win friends;
They're frightened away.

I speak from experience
Empathy too
And ask your forgiveness
If I've frightened you.



BOOK DISCUSSION GROUP

By Nancy Starnes

Monday June 6th at 10:30 am
In the Auditorium

"GILEAD"

By Marilynne Robinson

The discussion will be led by

The Reverend Dr. George Gray Toole

Retired Pastor of the Towson Presbyterian Church

The Broadmead Bus

By Ruth S. Williams

I rode the Broadmead bus today
to the theater to see a play.
I joined along with thirteen others,
couples, widows, and grandmothers.

That day the bus left very late.
One man went back to find his mate.
He found her kneeling under a tree,
searching for her apartment key.

The Trip Leader said, "Come on, let's go
Hurry up, or you'll miss the show.
Has anyone seen Betty Bloom?
Perhaps she went to the Ladies' Room."

Then after each was in a seat,
Someone said "Turn down the heat."
"Oh no, it's cold," said Mary Brown,
"We'll freeze before we get downtown."

When the bus reached 1-83,
Our Leader sang a song off-key.
We all joined in loud and strong,
as that bus bounced along.

We laughed and joked along the way;
then saw a very peculiar play.
When we got back home to Broadmead,
all fourteen passengers agreed:

Next time we will skip the play
and ride the Broadmead bus all day.

PRAISE FOR GARDENERS

Anonymous

I'm digging in the dirt
Just digging in the dirt
What a glorious feeling
To dig in the dirt.

I'm laughing out loud
There's nary a cloud
So I dig and I dig
And keep laughing out loud.

I'm turning up clods
And mashing them down
To soften the places
To plant pretty faces.

And soon you will see
Each blossom, and agree

What a glorious sight
What pure delight.

When pansy and rose
Dance on tiptoes
Will smile and nod
And tickle your nose.

And veggies galore
Much better than store
Rhubarb, lettuce, tomatoes amazing
Peppers, radish and peapods for grazing

Behold the Gardener
A sight to see
A gracious welcome
To you from me.

HITHER, THITHER AND YAWN

By Foxy Georgia

Here I am trying to sort out my times.. writing in April to be printed in May for your eyes in June... Oh!! my paws and ears, how late its getting! ... So here goes

Anyway... Busy busy days and nights... and they call this a retirement community... Some one forgot the definition of that word..

The Big Event, otherwise known as the Barn Sale, the most tremendous gathering of woman and manpower under the able direction of Marjorie Scott, Donna Smith to name a couple, and of course the accounting gang, Lois, Jeanette, and Pat Rodak who returned to the fold to pitch in, and ever watchful Sam Legg... the list goes on and on and the results are spectacular... but wait, it ain't over till its over! Unsold items are given to various charities, how about this one?? Assisi House, named for an Italian Saint, housed near St. Patrick's Church, and you know his nationality, operated by the Hispanic group, and the Afro-American group, donated by the Quakers, and delivered by a Catholic volunteer... This takes the cake for multicultural and ecumenical cooperation...

The Nature Walk pulled one of the most beautiful days we've had and the gang worked hard to get in apple pie condition... The Virginia Blue Bells were in full flower, and sighted going along, staff in hand was that intrepid Alpine Climber, Kitty Lee Stierhoff. Others who made the climb include Peggy Taliaferro, Bill Eddison, Beverly Becker..

And as long as we are on the nature bit, Margaret DuVivier looked out her window, in cluster L, and thought she was in Africa, when she spied 2 Dandy Lion Tamers, safari clad Judy Waxter and Margaret Proctor... These gals are keeping Cluster L weed free and beautiful, without resorting to unattractive spraying... only organic, please!

Jane Earhart and Dick Hutzler share the same birthday and this means the same sign in their horoscope... and they say opposites attract... proves there is an exception to every rule..

Beware! Fair Warning! Look Alert... strange goings on in Cluster N. The Slaughter family has moved out and the Butcher family has moved in...Don't say I didn't warn you!

Looked out the window and saw some chipmunks messing around in the greenery... They are working on what the deer have overlooked... Life in the country is hard and it sure keep grounds and maintenance busy, but fearless Midge Nelson cracks a mean whip, and they keep Broadmead in great shape... And speaking of how it all looks, go down to L in Lilac time' (to paraphrase Noyes)...

the Stieffs have a magnificent lilac, a joy to behold! Lorraine, our Beauty Shop wonder worker, also works wonders in her garden and brought Joyce, for her birthday, a most beautiful arrangement of flowers all home grown...

Harriet Ambrose explained the Seder meal and the symbolism of the food for Passover... accompanied by songs led by a Peabody-trained vocalist... We overheard Jonas Rappeport, Gretal and Leo Weiss, Marian Shapiro, Lucille Brandt, Lucile Cherniavsky, and Ruth Bronstein singing, and we all enjoyed the samples of the Seder meal... no comment about the singing. Honestly chums.. you were great! !

Spied Larry Galla helping Margaret Proctor load up boxes of clothes from the Barn Sale to be delivered to Assisi House, on lower Broadway... Then he loaded up a huge bookshelf also from the Barn Sale which he delivered to a customer... Can't beat that service... It was 8 a.m. and they were smiling... This is an extra special job of work... not in our regular job description...

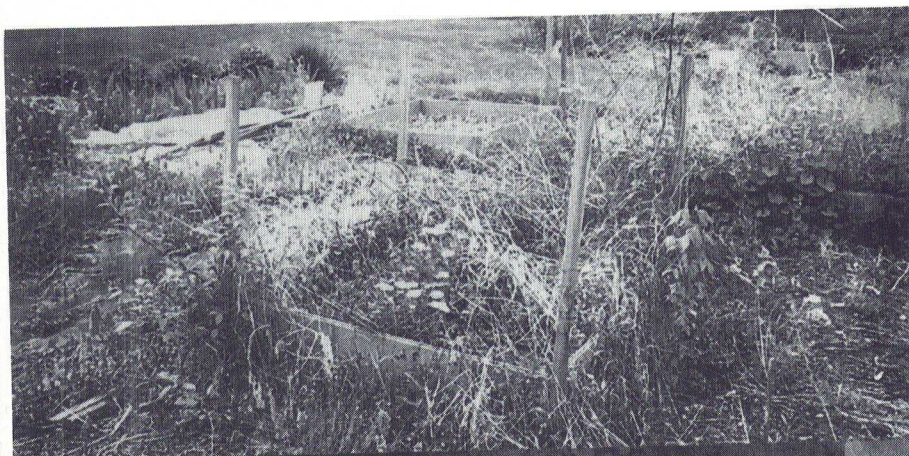
When I was running off at the mouth about flowers etc, etc, should have mentioned the front garden belonging to Marjorie and Louis Gold and the lovely Japanese garden created by mesdames Ault, Evert and Danzer.

We are living in green pastures for sure. Have you checked out the Coffee Shop?? New comfy chairs, new containers for knives and forks, new lazy susans, (I don't mean the energetic servers), new menus signs, printed by Nicole (the gal with the outstanding hairdos) and some new faces as well as the same old faithfuls who chow down for breakfast... the Bensons, Kitty Anne, Steve Simon, Nancy Schaefer, Harry Jones, Harry Blumenthal, Carter Riefner and many others... Won't begin to name the lunch and dinner groups having merry times and the most amazing conversations. You wouldn't believe!!!! mostly at the top of their lungs... you don't need a hearing aid in this place!! Better still if you had one or two, you could turn them off... Those who whisper sweet nothings save them for another venue..

Would someone explain to me the word BLOG.. . are we doing that? Don't think it means watch yo mouth... but we're doing that... don't think it means watch the cutlery, cause we're doing that, don't think it means watch the towels and sheets, cause we're doing that... what's left ???... hanging around the table too long after dinner??? Coming in the MDR in dribs and drabs?? Guess I'm way off the track, and it means sumpin else... but what ??? not in my dictionary. .. help!!

Sad note: Nancy (Newgirl) Mignini has left us for a Towson law firm; do they know how lucky they are ?

Am running out of steam... Best sign off. Have a swell summer... Maybe you haven't had 'nuff, but I have...



← To the left, conditions then.

Below, Peggy Taliaferro in the improved gardens.

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|
V



THEN AND NOW

Text and Photos by Colin MacLachlan

There was this problem, you see. It's "Vegetable Garden Time" and Broadmead's garden was decidedly unkempt, weedy and untilled... a mess! It was definitely not ready for planting. Question: What to do? Answer: Call Maintenance, get Alan Turnbaugh involved and have him draw Brickman's groundsman into the act. A piece of cake! One day's efforts took care of the problem. Good news: the cleanup uncovered seven unclaimed gardening plots. Want one? Call Peggy Taliaferro.



Garden team members



Broadmead

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